VISIT…

# JACK'S LAMENT

Music and Lyrics by
DANNY ELFMAN

**Mysteriously**

*p legato*

Bbm F+/A Db/Ab Gm9b5

**There are few who'd de - ny at what I do I am the best, for my**

*mp* *legato*

Gb F Ebm C C♯dim7 C/E Ebm/Bb

**tal - ents are re - nowned far and wide. When it comes to sur - pris - es on a moon - lit night, I ex -**

*cresc.*

C7 F7 Ebm Bb7 Ebm Fdim

**cel with - out ev - er e - ven try - ing. With the slight - est lit - tle ef - fort of my ghost - like charms I have**

*dim.*

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Ebm E Abdim Ebm Bb7 Ebm

no chord

seen grown men give out a shriek. With the wave of my hand and a well-placed moan I have

*cresc.*

Bb7 Ebm Bb7 Cbm Fb Ebdim7

swept the ver - y brav-est off their feet. Yet year af - ter year, it's the same rou - tine, and I

*mp* *a bit slower*

Bb Ebdim7 Bb7/F Gbdim7 Ebm

no chord

grow so wea - ry of the sound of screams. And I, Jack, the Pump-kin King, have

*a tempo* *f* *sfz* *angrily* *mp*

Cb7 Bb7 Gbdim Ebdim Bb

no chord

grown so tir - ed of the same old thing. Oh,

*poco rit.* *mf*

**Waltz**

E♭dim7 Gm 3fr A7/G

**some - where deep in - side of these**

*lyrically*

Em Am6 4fr Em Am6 4fr

**bones, an emp - ti - ness be - gan to**

Em E♭dim7 Gm/D 3fr A/C♯

**grow. There's some - thing out there, far from my**

*cresc.*

Em/B Am6 4fr Em6 B7

**home. A long - ing that I've nev - er**

*dim.* *rall.*

**Tempo I**

Em6 Em B+/D♯ G/D C♯m9♭5

known. I'm a mas - ter of fright and a de - mon of light, and I'll

*mp*

C B Am F♯ Gdim7 F♯/A♯ Am/E

scare you right out of your pants. To a guy in Ken-tuck-y, I'm_ Mis - ter Un-luck-y and I'm

F♯7 B Am Bdim Am/C Ddim

known through-out Eng - land and France. And since I am dead, I can take off my head to re -

*cresc.*

*legato*

Am B♭ Ddim7 Am E7 Am

cite Shake-spear-e - an quo-ta - tions. No an-i-mal, no man can scream like I can with the

E7 Am E7 Fm B♭ Adim7

fu - ry of my re - ci - ta - tions. But who here would ev - er un - der - stand that the

*p* *a bit slower*

E7 Am6 4fr E7/B Cdim7 Am F♯m/C♯ C♯7 F♯m

Pump - kin King with the skel - e - ton grin would ti - re of his crown? If they on - ly un - der - stood, he'd

*a tempo* *cresc.* *f*

D7 C♯7 F♯m D C♯♭9 C♯(no5)

give it all up if he on - ly could. Oh,

no chord

*mp* *rall.* *mf*

Waltz

Fdim7 Am B7/A F♯m

there's an emp - ty place in my bones that

*lyrically*

Bm6 F♯m Bm6

calls out for some - thing un -

F♯m Fdim7 Am/E B/D♯

known. The fame and praise come year af - ter

*cresc.*

F♯m/C♯ Bm6 F♯m6 C♯7

year, does noth - ing for these emp - ty

*rall.* *molto rit.*

**Tempo I**

F♯m

tears.

*mp* *dim.* *pp*